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# BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWBIRE

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IN SINGLE FILE THEY ALL SNUK INTO POLLY'S HOUSE



"HELP! SAVE ME! THERES A MAN UNDER MY BED"



WES STUMBLED AND SPILT EM ALL AFTER HE HAD LUGGED EM NEARLY HOME



THE HORSE BIT ENOS ON THE WRIST VERY VISHIOUS

## THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

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### EDDYTORIUL ON "DOG DAYS"

As we go to press with this issue of the Bugle we are standing right on the threshold of "Dog Days" as we might say & it behoofs us to dash off a eddytoriul on this ospishus occasion.

In other words the month of August which begins day after tomorrow rain or shine be the whether foul or fair will usher Dog Days into our midst whether we are prepared for em or not and it wouldnt be fitting if we didnt seeze this opportunity to write a eddytoriul on the subject of "Dog Days" which only comes onct per annum and we are glad of it.

It is said that during dog days the dog star is in the ascendancy whatever that means and as long as it is which will be during the month of August we may expect dog days to foller each other in quick succession.

During Dog Days the ponds hereabouts will all be covered with a green slimy skum, the wether will be sticky and hot and the muskeeters and flies will stick to a persons hide closerna brother, as the saying goes, or closerna a flannel shirt which has shrunk up and is too dadblamed tite. Flies and muskeeters aint the only things that sticks tite in dogdays neither—during Dog Days buro drawers sticks titer a bung in a barl and sometimes doors and winders sticks so tite they cant be got open.

Personally as edditor of the Bugle we aint in faver of Dog Days during which a person feels hot and miserable and out of sorts but there dont seem to be no way to pervent dogdays from making their regular appearants about this time every yr. If by writing a skathing eddytoriul in the Bugle we could indooce Dog Days not to ockur we would write that kind of a eddytoriul with great cheer. The only thing we can do however is to make the best of Dog Days while they last and long for the cool zeffer of September when they will be past and went for another yr at least.

It is the general beleaf in Bingville & vicinity that if a person gets bit by a dog during Dog Days he will have hydrofoby. For this reason it would be a turrible good

idee for our selectmen to warn all persons who has dogs in our midst to put muzzles on their dogs until Dog Days is past and they aint no longer a menace to life & limb. Who wants to be bit by a dog & have hydrofoby we ask? Nobuddy, we anser. Personally we aint never had hydrofoby and if we had our choice of pickin the huming maladies we had to have we could think up other things we would prefer to hydrofoby.

While we are on the subject of dogs we might add that there is more dogs in Bingville at the present writing than we have enny use for. Most everbuddy in Bingville owns a dog and some owns several. As a result there is almost as great a population of dogs hereabouts as there is people and yet they dont count as population when we come to count up the inhabitants. A few dogs is alright but too menny is sooperfluous.

### LOOK OUT FOR DOGDAYS AND CONDUCT YOURSELF ACCORDING!

### Personal Squibs

We dont know that we ever seen the roads so dusty in our midst as they be at this writing. A ottymobel past thru our midst about 60 miles per hour tother day and it tuk the atmosphere quite a spell to clear up. This ort to be stopd.

Old Dad Henderson says if we have another hot day as last Tuesday was he wouldn't be surprised if his thermometer would bust.

Old Pete Larkins who lives a mile west of Bingville is on the sicklist. Doc Livermore says as near as he can finger Pete is afflicted with general debility whatever that is. If Doc didnt use sitch hifalootin names for diseases a person couldnt tell whether they was ketchin or not.

Mrs. Ame Hilleyer is taking a tonick for her nerves and says she thinks they are steeper now than they was a spell back. But then Mrs. Hilleyer allus was as nervous as a cat.

The Widow Henderson's ducks laid 13 eggs tother day betwixt sunrise and sunset. How's 13 eggs for 11 ducks? LATER—Mrs. Sam Hankins who lives next door to the Widow and also has ducks says some of her ducks helped to lay the 13 eggs.

Harve Hines, our tonsorial barber, says work in his line is very slack at present but Hank says he dont care being as it gives him more time to practise on the gittar on which Harve is becoming very profishent. Hank has got so he can almost play parts of two tunes.

Back copies of the Bugle are increasing a good eal faster than we desire of late and for this reason we will dispose of these back numbers at a ridiculus price to make room for more recent copies. We will sell these old copies of the Bugle at the rate of 2 for 5 cts. while they last. They can be used to read or for menny other purposes. Take advantage of this offer.

Jim Hall's old brood mare persented Jim with a fine colt last wk. Mother and colt are doing well and Jim is much pleased.

## AWFUL

**Skuer for Miss Polly Skinner  
When She Found a Man Under  
Her Bed!—Constubble Dewberry  
Summond & Capchures the Cul-  
prit!—Miss Polly Almost Col-  
lapsed!—Gilty Party Suspected  
—Thrilling Particklers Below!**

Miss Polly Skinner one of Bingville's most estimable & respected maiden ladies got a awful skuer tother evng when she was about to retire from which she aint fully recovered as yet & the memry of which will probably hant her as long as she lives.

As everbuddy knows Miss Polly lives alone with nobuddy excepting her cat and canary for company. Miss Polly celebrated her 29th birthday about 11 yrs ago and sinst then she aint had no birthdays and therefore she must be in the nuberhood of 40 yrs of age which she aint nothink whatever against her except Miss Polly is sensitive about how old she is.

For many yrs the last thing Polly had did before retiring at nights has been to look under the bed for a man, but she aint been successful in finding one until this occasion.

Last Thursday afternoon Miss Polly askt Mrs. Hinckley who lives next door to her if she could have her son Bud who aint quite right in his head to clean up her back yard for her for which she would pay Bud 10 cts if he would do so and Mrs. Hinckley said she could so she sent Bud across and Miss Polly showed him what was to be did and then leaving him at work tuk her sewing and went across to spend a hour or 2 with Mrs. Cy Hoskins. When Miss Polly returned home Bud had finished cleaning up the back lot so Miss Polly paid him the 10 cts and patted him kindly on the head and sent him home. Bud may not be quite right in his head, but he made a good job of cleaning up Polly's back yard ennyhow.

Well, that night about 9 P. M. Miss Polly went up to her room to retire as usual and when she got down on her knees to peek under the bed to look for a man just before blowing out the lamp poor Polly's horrifecation can better be described than imagind when she seen layin under the bed exactly what she had been lookin for all these yrs!

There layin quiet back under the bed was a member of the opposit sex! With a agonizing shriek Miss Polly run outen the room and down stairs screechin evry juck & out the front door and she didnt stop runnin or screechin until she arrive at the residence of Seth Dewberry, our lion hearted constubble, and pounded on the door.

Seth was jest pulling his boots perparatory to retiring and when he opened the door Polly staggered inside all outen breath and hollerd, "Help! Save me! Theres a man under my bed!" It tuk Seth some time to git the particklers from Polly, who was scairt jest about to deeth and was clingin around the neck of Seth wife and carryin on like everthink. Seth told Polly he thort it would be a good idee for her to remain all night at their house and he would wait for daylight before he tacked the man under the bed, being as then he could see to shoot better, but Polly said he might be a burglar and would steal everthink in the house, and carried on so that Seth finally pinned his constubble star on his coat where it would be conspicuous, got his pistol and started for Miss Polly's residence.

On the way Seth stopped and woke up Amzi Gookins and Lem Brown, who

he deppytized as assistants to help overcome the desprit criminal who was under the bed. Amzi tuk along his ole muzzale loader shotgun, and Lem, who is a expert carpenter and handy with carpenters tools tuk a hatchet.

In single file they all snuk into Polly's house and stopd to listen but couldnt hear no sound upstairs. Then they whispered together and Seth whispered to Amzi that he would gard the front door with his pistol and Lem would gard the back door with his hatchet while he would deppytize Amzi to go upstairs and place the man under the bed under a rest. This a rangement didnt seem to suit Amzi. He told Seth the load had been in his shotgun for quite a spell, and if he was obliged to shoot the robber in self defense he was afeard the gun might not go off and besides he hated to take away from Seth the credit for makin the arrest. Finally Seth agreed to go upstairs and started telling Amzi and Lem that if he holloed for help to kindly respond prompt.

When Seth started up the steps he seen that the door into Polly's room was still open and the lamp still lit inside. Seth clim the stairs as soft as possible and when he got to the door he laid down flat on the floor and pokin his pistol ahead of him with his finger on the trigger, stuck his head past the jamb of the door and peered under the bed. Shure enuff, there laid the man jest as Polly had said.

Seth tuk keferful aim at the feller under the bed & in a loud voice of orthority says, "I'm pintin a pistol right at your vitals, mister, and if you dont come out from under that bed & submit to rest without resistants dabinjed if I dont shoot a hole clean through yew!"

There wassent no response from the man under the bed. On the contrary he jest laid quiet and said nothink. "If you dont come out by the time I count three, I'll shoot!" Seth goes on, and then he begin to count, but the man still laid quiet. Seth had counted up to 19 when all of a suddint he heard Amzis shotgun go off down stairs and this scairt Seth so had that he shot off his pistol, the ball taking effect in the robbers back.

Seth was a good eal surprised when the feller under the bed didnt even kick after he had been shot, and with great presents of mind Seth reached under the bed and puled the man out where he could see him.

"I've got him!" hollerd Seth and Amzi and Lem run upstairs to discuver that the person Seth had a rested consisted of a skuer crow stuffed with straw to look like a man which had been standin out in Miss Polly's garden ever sinst last spring to keep the birds and nabers chickens away from what she had plantd.

Seth throwd the skuer crow out the upstairs winder after which the possey of three returned to their homes in deep disgust. The reason Amzi shot off his shotgun was becu he couldnt stand the nervus sprain and puled the trigger by axident, the charge knocking off considerable plaster in the ceiling of Miss Polly's setting room.

It is the general opinion that when Bud Hinckley was ridding up Polly's back lot he lugged the skuer crow upstairs and put it under her bed jest for a joke.

Unless you desire to git yourself a rested for insultin a officer of the law dont ask Constubble Dewberry if he has a rested enny skuer crows lately.

### Lokal Mentchion

Luke Winters of Snake Bend rid a piebald horse into Bingville Tuesday last which he wanted to swap. While Enos Snodgrass was tryin to open the horse's mouth to see how old it was it bit Enos on the wrist very vishious. After that nobuddy seemd to want to swap for the piebald horse.

Miss Clarissa McGookins of the co. seat is the gest of our raining sossity

queen Miss Amelia Tucker at present. Miss Amelia is a going to give a party in Clarissa's honner to which only the alect of Bingville will be invited.

Hame Perkins says his bunyuns is botherin him a good eal this sticky wether. Hame is shufflin around with old carpet slippers on both feet.

Hen Weathersby is all outen salt smoked lterings and says he aint a going to order enny more for a spell being as the trouble of keeping the water pail in the store did is more trouble than the profits on the herrings is worth. Well, Hen is right—what is salt herrings without a lot of water to drink after em?

Snide Petersby set a steel trap in his cats bin for a rat and next time he went to git some oats outen the bin he forgot all about the trap and all he ketchin in it was two fingers. Snide was a good eal surprised.

Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter & trapper, says that blueberries is thick on Sawridge Mountain. Wes picked a 4 gal. pail full of em last Saturday and stumbeld and spilt em all after he had lugged em nearly home.

Mark Tappan of Sorrow Hollow paid us a pleasant & profitable call last wk, leaving a dollar on our desk which boosts Mark's subscription up to Jan. 1, 1891. Call again, Mark—small counterbooshins received with great cheer.

These is about all the "Lokal Mentchions" which ockur to us at this siting. If enny others ockurs later look for them in next wk's issue of the Bugle & not in this issue unless you desire to be disappointed.

## SKREENS! SKREENS! SKREENS!

I persoom you have notised that muskeeters is awful thick in Bingville at the present writing. If you aint notised it you must be turrible thick skind. Owing to this thickness of muskeeters I have laid in a large stock of winder and door muskeeter skreens which I now offer to the poor muskeeter-bit publick at prices which is ridiculus cheep considering the quality of these skreens.

Who wants to be at up by muskeeters? Anser—Nobuddy as fur as I know. You can keep muskeeters outen your house if you use my skreens on your doors and winders. They are muskeeter-tite and ld like to see enny blamed muskeeter git through one of these skreens. Them muskeeters? Anser—Nobuddy as fur as I know. You can keep muskeeters outen your house if you use my skreens on your doors and winders. They are muskeeter-tite and ld like to see enny blamed muskeeter git through one of these skreens. Them muskeeters? I have in stock will fit enny winder or door being as it comes by the yard and you haft to make the frames which goes around em yourself or git Lem Brown, our expert carpenter, to do so for you. I sell these skreens at the rate of 15 cts per yd long. It aint quite a yd wide but then its long enuff for all practickal purposes.

Come to my store and examine these skreens and I will explain to you how they work. It wont cost you ennythink to look at em even if you dont buy. Of course I would prefer that you purchase some of these skreens after I have went to the trouble to show em to you and will appershate it if you dont bother me this hot wether unless you intend to buy. I also have muskeeter netting which is cheeper but dont last as long.

Yours for more muskeeters until I close out these skreens.

### Hen Weathersby

Prop. Bingville General Store.  
Bingville.

